

LETTERS  
TO  
ELEONORA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

*Poco di Ragion, e molto d'Amore!*

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MDCCLXXI.

LETTERS

TO

THE LORD

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## LETTERS, &c.

### LETTER XLIV.

YOU may believe me to be very serious, when I assure you, that I shall not wish to live a moment longer than while I can live in such a heart as yours——A heart so ingenuous, so true and tender, is, in itself, a sufficient answer to every libel that has been written upon your sex.——I would not for the world's empire, have you possess one grain of

VOL II.

B

sensi-

sensibility less than has fallen to your lot; yet I must again observe to you, (lest your mind should at last be a martyr to false philosophy) that in a state of being, like this, where external cares and the business of the body require so much of our attention, very little intellectual refinement can take place;—that sensibility itself, as well as every other distinct passion, ought to come under certain limitations, and to be entirely regulated by that all-consulting reason which never fails to shew us how far, consistently with our happiness, our passions and pursuits ought to go. There is, certainly, nothing more dangerous to our repose than to cherish ideas too refined

## LETTER XLIV. 3

ed and delicate.——Let us look for no more than may reasonably be expected from a state of such palpable imperfection, and we shall not lay up for ourselves the superfluous anguish of disappointment.

But I am weary of this moralizing and philosophizing, which breaks into the the province of Love; yet you will oblige me to it, and, no longer ago than your last, you resummon me to the task, by calling upon me to reconcile your sentiments at once to Common Sense and your Philosopher. It is impossible, my dear! They always were, and always will be at war.——It is the maxim of that Sophist, through all his writings, to contradict every received opinion, and,

B 2

purely

#### 4 LETTER XLIV.

purely for the sake of singularity, he often advances sentiments, that the reason of a child would deride.— Let me advise you, my amiable friend, to lay down that specious writer, and take up his more amiable and more excellent countryman, that Philosophic Disciple of Truth and Nature, the inimitable Fenelon. He will soften and refine your passions, without misleading or misinspiring them, and cultivate your taste and reason without any false refinements.

I will now entirely take leave of this kind of writing ; and will, for the future, employ all my pages on the subject of my heart ; an inexhaustible subject, when the goodness, the love and tenderness of its Eleo-  
nora,

# LETTER XLIV. 5

nora are the objects of its cares.  
 Ah! my dear, my only Love! how  
 often do I antedate those precious  
 tender hours we shall pass together  
 after our inseparable union! Surely  
 you do not know how much you  
 live in my heart!

B 3      L E T



## L E T T E R XLV.

YOUR last most kind and most charming letter, came very seasonably, for my consolation and relief, in the most affecting distress I ever knew. The death of my dear \*\*\*\*\* , has almost broken my heart, and there was only one possible misfortune in the world that could have made me more miserable. Even now I feel it afresh, and my eyes at this moment so swim with tears, that I cannot see my pen. —but here the extravagance of grief is excusable. For the dear, departed friend I bewail, was the kindest, the noblest soul. — His affection

## LETTER XLVII.

affection and regard for me were almost unparalleled — His very servants saw it, and paid their court to me — but he is dead, and I live to mourn for him ; to mourn for him at my heart, which swells and trembles at this moment, as if it would break — Except once for the death of an ever-honoured Parent, and once on taking leave of a beloved woman, I never knew such a sensation of anguish — Affection and gratitude create those emotions of misery which will make me a mourner for my departed friend, 'till some friend shall become a mourner for me, if I shall ever find a friend of my own sex, who will love me so tenderly or so well.

My

## LETTER XLV.

why did I not go him to that fatal country? Not one embrace! not one parting sigh! not a blessing! not a prayer from me! — Yet when he left me, it was with every blessing, and grasping my hand with a look of unutterable affection, his last words were, “You will be happy in your Love.”

That consolation only remains—the love and the faith of my dearest Eleonora—I will still hope that she will partake of my solitude, and divide my cares—that she will teach me to forget my sorrows in her affectionate bosom, and to look upon her as my only comfort, my only happiness:

her

# LETTER XLV. 9

Adieu! for nothing now but complaints and misery can fall from my pen—Adieu! and never know the distress that wounds the heart of your \*\*\*\*\*

LET-

## LETTER XLVI.

THE thanks of my heart are due to you for your kind consolations on the death of my ever dear and ever to be lamented \*\*\*\*\* Alas ! I find that friendship, like love,

*Si pasce ben, ma non si sazia mai  
Di Lagrime e di Dolore——*

But the acuteness of grief now begins to subside into a more supportable melancholy, into the tear of tender remembrances, and the short sighs of casual reflection.—You wisely call off my attention from the subject of this sorrow, by referring me to the living ; and, indeed, when  
you



## LETTER XLVII. 11

you refer me to yourself, you say every thing that could possibly contribute to my comfort ; for in the thoughts of you I bury every inferior anxiety and every greater—— Yet you would not indulge me, unhappy as I am, and have been, on my favourite subject—— Well, then, I will say nothing of it till I embrace you ; but in the mean time I shall enter my hopes into the service of my wishes, and frequently say to myself that you will find the situation by no means disagreeable to you. It is not, however, worth while to talk any longer about what is yet uncertain.

You ask me if I had the letter you sent by your servant. It came in due time,

## 12      L E T T E R   XLVI

time, and in my last I acknowledged it under the titles of *kind* and *charming* — It is, indeed, the sweetest and most delightful letter ; but some parts of its contents I was under too great affliction to take notice of in my last — The poor blind boy you speak of, I remember well. A little before I left you, I intended to pay for his board while he was learning to scrape (the only means he can use, in his circumstances, for a living). If you, my dear, will have the goodness to fulfil my intentions, I will repay you.

The letter that followed the packet, I had not received when I wrote last. — You say; you shall only learn the police of government from  
Fenelon

## LETTER XLVI. 13

Fenelon — The allegories of his *Telemachus* afford many fine pictures and precepts in moral life, exclusive of their political Tendency. But those are not his only writings. You would be pleased with his abridgement of the lives of the Philosophers, and his Dialogues of the Dead. The former you cannot easily obtain, but the latter you will find almost every where.

## LETTER XLVII.

**N**OW, were I possessed of the  
 wishing-cap, or the winged  
 Steed, or any other supernatural  
 means of conveyance, this day would  
 I be with you at \*\*\*\*. This minute  
 would I hold you to my swelling  
 heart, gaze on your dear tell-tale  
 eyes, and seal up with kisses the pas-  
 sage of tears——Now would I listen  
 with rapture to my favourite lesson  
 of music; now would I walk with  
 you to visit that blossomed wilding  
 which stands in the middle of the  
 sloping field, under whose shade I  
 first framed the Tale of love——  
 —————Alas! it is winter!  
 and the tree is not now in blossom.  
 Absence

LETTER XLVII. 15

Absence from you is perpetual winter; and the heart has no other resource against the gloom it occasions, except in the gifts and powers of memory and imagination —

Nevertheless, I am now happier in all the circumstances of our love than I ever was before — Perfect confidence in your faith and affection sets my heart at ease, and I only regret that, in so short a life, we suffer any part of it to pass away unenjoyed to the utmost — We need not fear that affections like ours, will not last the little time we have to live —

Let us make haste, then, to begin our life, before it be making approaches towards its end; for then only shall I conclude that I begin to live.



16 LETTER XLVII.

live, when inseparably united to my Eleonora ; — when I wake in her her eye, sleep in her arms ; and my whole soul is mingled with hers. O days ! dear, happy days ! approach ! — Thus it is, that I indulge my tenderness for you, and pour out my soul many a solitary hour — Most, indeed, of my hours are of that cast ; and whether it is the love of letters, or the power of indolence that confines me to my study, I seldom stir from it.

L E T.

## L E T T E R XLVIII.

WHAT happiness have I equal to that of writing to you, and receiving your letters? Nay, indeed, at this distance, what have I besides, that, comparatively, deserves the name of happiness? Do I not think of you through the day? Are not you in my dreams by night? Are not you continually present with me? And are not you, in some measure, already become the companion of my soul? — Nothing can be more true. I have no happiness equal to that of writing to you, and receiving your letters, because that thus, in one sense at least, I am conversing with you; neither have I any

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18 L E T T E R XLVIII.

thing beside that, which deserves the name of enjoyment. I think of you through the day, because the objects of our dearest hopes, like the principal figures in painting, have always the most eminent place in the mind — I dream of you thro' the night, because

*Non é sempre co' sensi*

*L' Anima addormentata,*

and there you are inseparably fixed.

You are continually present with me; because my love and wishes have so entirely drawn over the imagination to their interest, that it is perfectly under their direction, and at their command — And you are in some measure, already become the companion of my soul, because it  
sympa-

LETTER XLVIII. 19

sympathizes with you in all your sentiments, thinks as you think, hopes for what you hope, and what you fear it fears.

Thus you see I am still a reasonable lover, and able to give a good account of my faith in that divinity, which the mythologists have wantonly represented as blind.

Now, my Eleonora, for your dear letter——And in the first place, I desire you will no more call me your Philosopher, because, had I even a right to that noblest of all titles, it carries too much dignity along with it; and I should not chuse to travel with it in the province of love——The appellation of Friend too, though I have particular reasons to

20 .L E T T E R XLVIII

respect it, is, possibly, too cold for that warm climate ; nevertheless I must still remember it with the same gratitude that Jonah shewed to his Gord ; for I well know how often I have taken refuge under its shadow.

Your observation, *that we are unwilling, through our natural pride, to open our eyes to conviction, when that conviction would reproach us with want of sagacity*, is extremely fine, and could not have been made by one that was unable to think abstractedly.

As to what you say of our being liable to deception, I can but answer you in your favourite language, tho' I know not who was the author of the following sentiment ;

*E. Cofa*



LETTER XLVIII. 21

*E Cosa piu vergognosa il diffidar di  
suoi amici, che l'esserne ingannato :*

You imagine I have been more particularly conversant with French authors of late, but I assure you that, except my favourite Montagne, I have had little to do with that language.

## L E T T E R XLIX.

I HAVE been putting up my new-year's petition to Providence, and am this moment come down stairs to hold sweet converse with you——The substance of my prayer was, that thieves may not steal my treasure.—“What treasure,” say you, with your usual arch-simper? To which I very simply answer, “My Eleonora.” “And what thieves?” “All that train of evils “to which human life is subject.” Though I am vain enough to believe it would be in the power of few of those evils to rob me of her, unless they came with death at their head, which may heaven, in the name of,  
all

## LETTER XLIX. 23

all its gracious purposes, avert!——  
 And so I am to sigh in solitude and  
 absence for six weeks longer—Nes-  
 tor, nay Methuselah, who, accord-  
 ing to his biographer, was nine times  
 as old as Nestor, did not live such  
 an age. So different is the compu-  
 tation of time in *the lover's calendar*.  
 Surely this love is the noblest and  
 most generous of passions! I had  
 almost called it *the holy spirit of mora-*  
*lity*. For, from the breast where it  
 holds its residence, it banishes all  
 meaner and more unworthy guests,  
 —envy, avarice, ambition, and eve-  
 ry other petty tyrant of the soul,  
 that disorder and disquiet the world,  
 perish under the sunshine of love.  
 —I declare I have not a wish, not a  
 hope

hope that is not altogether subservient to—this sole emperor of my heart; and I verily believe it is more enlarged and expanded by his genial influence. In proportion as the time draws nearer, when I shall embrace the object of my affections, my happiness and good humour seem to increase; and before the hour of meeting shall be at hand, I flatter myself that I shall be able to forgive Fortune all her treachery, and mankind all their follies and knaveries.—

*A lecture* do you call my observations on coquetry? I did not intend them as such—I thought it my duty to make you acquainted with the temper and disposition of a heart in which you have so interesting a share,  
—that

## LETTER XLIX. 25

—that when you knew the nature and condition of the country you had conquered; when you were acquainted with the temper and constitution of the soil, you might cultivate your dominions to the greatest advantage. I have endeavoured to convince you, that invariable kindness is best adapted for that purpose, and whatever maxims you may bring from poets and philosophers to prove the contrary, *I feel in my heart* that I was not mistaken.—If there be any merit in using this candid and ingenuous freedom before marriage, the praise of it is altogether your own, since I certainly depended upon your natural ingenuity and greatness of mind, when I ventured to  
make



make use of it at all.—But have not you, my Eleonora, has not your sagacity overshot itself, when, endeavouring to account for some passages in my last (which really and truly arose from the remembrance of some circumstances, that happened when you were last in town) you impute them to the perusal of your letter to Mrs. \*\*\*, and thereby discover that letter to have been on the subject of coquetry ; a subject worthy of \*\*\*\*, but neither of the pen or the practice of my Eleonora.—You would make me very ungallant indeed, when you impute my precluding you from coquetry to your want of wit and beauty ; must I tell you that I always thought you had a competence

# LETTER XLIX. 27

tence of the latter, a more than common portion of the former?— I will tell you so, and tell you at the same time, that the gifts of wit and beauty would be very ill employed to reconcile us to what is nothing more than *insincerity in masquerade*; for that is the best definition I can give of coquetry.

LET-

## L E T T E R L

**T**HOUGH I have been writing all this day to serve a friend, till my arms and my eyes ach; and though I have but a few minutes from the receipt of your letter to the return of the post, yet can I not suffer it to depart without a line, concluding that you would be better pleased to have a short letter from me than none at all.—But why will my dearest friend be so low-spirited, and indulge the influences of melancholy? Be comforted, my life, my love, my Eleonora! Even now I hold you in my arms—Even now I press you to my swelling heart—and bid  
you

you be comforted——The starting tear which does not repine at Providence, but only rises from a source of tenderness for me, is approved by that gracious being, who is LOVE *itself*! He hears these sighs; he adverts to these tender breathings of hope, and I feel in my heart that, ere long, he will confirm them.

LET.

## LETTER LI.

WHAT can repay such tenderness, such kindness, such affection?—What, but a never-failing return of the same tender feelings, the same kind breathings, the same affectionate wishes? And then, indeed, I shall never be left behind.—Every day, I may say with much truth, every hour adds to my affection for you; and in proportion as the time approaches, when I may hope for the happiness of seeing you, my impatient tenderness seems to increase.—Come my Eleonora, my love, my angel! come to my fond, fond arms, that are a thousand and a thousand times, in mere imagination,

tion,



LETTER LI. 31

tion, stretched forth to embrace you  
 —Yes, you will come, and will  
 make me completely happy by your  
 dear embraces, by a thousand sweet  
 though silent expressions from your  
 speaking eyes, and by every other  
 instance of unlimited love and kind-  
 ness.—How much happier are we,  
 my dear, even at this distance, when  
 mutual and unbounded confidence  
 have united our hearts to each other,  
 than we have often been when  
 present, while fears and suspicions  
 stopped the divided currents of love,  
 and made those streams only mur-  
 mur through separate channels,  
 which should have glided with hap-  
 py serenity in one even course.—  
 Even now I feel the happiness of  
 mutual

32    L E T T E R    L I.

mutual affection, and my heart testifies it in glowing sensibility. Ah! for ever adored! for ever beloved! may I live to be your's and only your's! And may that moment, which shall unite us for ever, be at no distant period.

LET.

## LETTER LII.

I HAVE received both your kind letters, and owe you many thanks for both. For the former, as a *volunteer*, I am particularly obliged to you, and I sincerely congratulate you on the subject.—After all, I think the best part of that letter on business was the “*Rien sans vous*,” at the end. I have deposited it among the rest of my paper treasures, and turn the eyes of gratitude and pleasure on your last.—About the middle of next month, you say! To-morrow is day the first—The whole month consists but of twenty-eight. Precisely, within a fortnight, therefore, do I expect to see you. Time to a lover

34    L E T T E R   LII.

is a sacred thing, and a day in his annals is as much as years in those of others. Come then to my arms, my ever dear and ever affectionate girl—Let me strain you to my throbbing heart, and tell you in one look, in one kiss, more than volumes can express. How rapid in its progress is the current of love—while it continually increases as it runs ; and the further it extends, acquires the more strength, depth, and power ! I have loved you for years—yet my passion still increases, and I never in my life was sensible of so violent an inclination to embrace you as at this present moment——Come then to my arms ; and may all the powers that have the care of love and innocence speed you on your way !

You

## LETTER LII. 35

You tremble for the fate of my tragedy! but I assure you that damnation is now become so common that it is not in the least regarded——A striking proof that the sanctions of reputation, like those of religion, lose their efficacy in proportion as they are more frequently applied!—The bishop of \*\*\* is an old friend of Mr. \*\*\*'s, who has long had a high regard for him, as a man of infinite wit, humour, and genius. So that there is nothing extraordinary in his connection——Indeed the churches, at least the churches in London, are as much theatres as the play-houses——The rectors, vicars, &c. &c. are the principal actors——

D 2

The



36 LETTER LII.

The sexton, bell-ringer, and grave-digger, perform the under-parts; and the bishops are the managers.

LET.

## LETTER LIH:

**M**Y dearest Eleonora may rest assured, that no instance of her kind attention can possibly be lost upon me, and that while I have the pleasure of acknowledging two more of her letters, I entertain, at the same time, every sentiment of love and gratitude, to which so much merit and so much goodness are naturally entitled.—Yes, most beloved, and most faithful of women, go on in that path of kindness into which love has, happily for me, at last conducted your steps—You shall find me an inseparable attendant at your side, equalling your progress in truth and affection.

D. 3

I. must

I must not allow you to go into that summer-house in frost and snow, notwithstanding the lively look of the myrtles and geraniums——But, ah! fond, dear, enchanting girl, why do you mention the blush on that warm cheek, the tear in that expressive eye?——Why, when at this wretched distance, I neither can partake the glow of the ardent cheek, nor with the soothing tenderness of every consolation appease that inward emotion which occasioned the tear?——Yet, I charge you, begone! if you are now in the summer-house! I cannot trust you there at this inclement season.

*Amor accese piu che mille fuoco ;  
Ma no si amor accese in tale luoco.*

God

LETTER. LIII. 39.

God for ever pour down his best  
blessings upon you, and bring you  
to the bosom of your faithful \*\*\*\*.

D 4 LET.

## LETTER LIV.

**H**OW little did I expect a month ago that I should now be obliged to address to you in\*\*\*\*! How mortifying are these delays, these obstacles that come between the heart, and what it wishes to embrace! You complained of the law's delay; I complain of the more severe delays of love, while my hopes of flying to your bosom are thus painfully put off from week to week. —Why did not you settle this affair more determinately with your agent in town? Why?—But I will not complain; for my heart tells me that it shall beat to your embraces soon; ah! may it be very soon!—How amiable,



amiable, how still more lovely in your acknowledgment of an error which arose merely from a misconception, from a want of knowing more intimately your generous and ingenious Mrs. \*\*\* !—An error acknowledged is a virtue gained ; but for you who have so many and such distinguished virtues, I would not have you think it necessary to err, by your acknowledgments to make them more !——I have the pleasure to acquaint you that your amiable friend is much better than she has been of late, and to assure you that when you arrive in town, she will embrace you with the greatest cordiality.—For my own part, though I have in a great measure got over  
the

the chagrin your former letter occasioned, I will freely acknowledge to you that it gave me no little uneasiness——Accustomed as I had been before to nothing but the tender and glowing expressions of sympathetic love, and full of the warmest expectations of so speedily embracing you, how could my heart but recoil at a letter dictated between anger and discontent?——But it is now over; and do not suppose that I mention it from any other motive than to apologize for those expressions of dissatisfaction you might meet with in my last——No, my ever beloved friend, my heart, always ready to think with tenderness of you, is only solicitous to confirm  
its

its union with your's, and, from that anxiety which is ever in the train of genuine love, fearful, lest it should admit of any thing that might give you uneasiness——Yet shall I carry my complaints farther, and tell you that I am not perfectly satisfied even with your last letter?—So craving, so avaricious is love, it quarrels with the scanty limits of your half-sheet, and accuses you, of what?—not of want of affection, for that thought it could not support, but of indolence, perhaps, an aversion to, or rather, as you have better expressed it, a sickness of the pen——If I am not mistaken, too, you seemed to have written your last under an apprehension that some other eye besides

44 · L E T T E R · L I V ·

sides my own would see it, either before, or after it left \*\*\*\*\*.. If this was the case, I cannot but regret it, since as our letters are the only means we have of communicating our thoughts, affections, and desires, no restraint ought to be laid upon *them* at least.——But come, O come, dear happy hours, when we shall safely and freely pour all the sentiments of the mutual heart into each other's faithful bosom!——when we shall say in one tender sigh, in one sweet embrace, all, all that we have felt during an age of absence——Come quickly, come to my arms, thou dearest, most faithful partner of my life, for whom alone I bear about this solitary and neglected Being with  
any

LETTER LIV. 45

any comfort or satisfaction ; for whom I encourage every hope, and exercise every care ; for whom every rising day is commenced with a prayer or blessing, to call down and engage the continual providence of that Being, whose eye rests not from the care of innocence — Attended by his Guardian, his benevolent protection — Come, O come quickly to my arms ! —

LET



## LETTER LV.

**Y**OU may readily conceive the  
 chagrin and uneasiness I felt  
 upon the perusal of your last; nor  
 was it in the power of all the kind-  
 ness, of all the tenderness you expres-  
 sed to reconcile me to the disappoint-  
 ment I felt from your delay—  
 Excruciating delay ! tormenting  
 disappointment !——I had allowed  
 myself to be sure of your dear arms  
 before the expiration of the present  
 week——But I find some consolation  
 in the tempestuous weather, and when  
 I see the storms of snow this moment  
 driving by my window, I congratu-  
 late myself that my Eleonora is not  
 upon

upon the road——Indeed, I think you should not venture to travel in such a season, in whatever conveyance you may come ; and I had much rather you would wait for a favourable week, whatever impatience your delay may give me, than that you should risque your precious health by any means, or upon any consideration——I cannot but be dissatisfied at the state of languor and supineness you complain of, from which my letter could scarcely arouse you——But when you talk of the *dreadful obstacles*, which will oppose our meeting, what can you possibly mean? Ideal obstacles ! imaginary difficulties ! chimerical fears ! away ! away with

48 LETTER LV.

with those traitors to love ! How ill do you use that excellent understanding ? Will you always put it to school ? Will you always build your happiness upon the sense of others, as if providence had denied you any sense of your own ?——If you are determined to do this, allow one who has made the human heart his study to assure you, that others will measure your happiness by their own convenience, caprice, or inclination. Follow the virtuous dictates of nature——She is a disinterested mother, and will direct none of her children wrong.

Come then, once more, I say, attended by every good and gracious spirit——Come to my long-  
ing

# LETTER LV. 49

ing arms —— Let me hold you to a heart that is wholly your own, and assure you, with a thousand and a thousand tender embraces, that I have no other wish, no other desire, than to be everlastingly yours.

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E

LET-

## LETTER LVI.

**I** is with inexpressible grief and concern I have learnt from Mrs. \*\*\*\*, that you have been very ill. For Heaven's sake, my dearest creature, compose your spirits, and prevail upon them to have some mercy on your gentle frame. What new terror can have brought distress upon you? Will my life, my faith, my truth, my love, remove the cause? O that it were in my power to set your dear, your beloved breast at ease! That I could set you free from the cruel ravages of your fears and apprehensions— Believe me, I could lay down this moment my life to do it! —

But



# LETTER LVI. 51

But what is it I offer? Nothing  
but what, without you, would be  
insupportable misery!

E 2 L E T -

## LETTER LVII.

YOU once desired me not to write forhapsodically.—You might as well have desired me not to write like a lover ; for wherever there is passion, there must necessarily be a neglect of Order ——— Give my pen then, like my tongue, leave to utter my sentiments, as they come warm and *unexamined* from the heart——Give me leave to tell you without form, or connection, *Sans suite, et sans Liaison*, how tenderly, how faithfully, how ardently I love you —— and be absolutely assured that the more I experience of your kindness

LETTER LVII. 53

kindness and affection, the more it adds to my own. Our loves, like two united flames, burn with greater strength and brightness, when mutually indulged without terror or restraint. Deem not that ardour then a want of respect, which under the greatest confidence of her affection, holds my Eleonora to my heart. Think not while love animates every look and every action, in the delightful tumult of unwearied kisses, think not that I entertain less real respect for your sense, dignity, and virtue.—I am convinced that it is no other kind of respect you look for from me——It cannot be that ceremonious and distant attention which is the death of love ; which first

54      L E T T E R    LVII.

murders it, and then poorly supplies its place——Prior's Cœlia spoke the natural language of love, when she reckoned this amongst the greatest curses that could attend it.——

“May’st thou grow cold, *respectful*, or forsworn.”

However, in the general acceptance of what is called respectful love, mine may certainly be understood; for, indeed, I love you as a father loves his child—with the same fond and invariable tenderness——Were you unhappy, I should be miserable. Your interests are as essentially sacred to me as my own, and your happiness is much more dear. Rest then in my love, in this confidence; and evermore conclude that nothing is

th

# LETTER LVII. 55

this world shall banish you from my heart ; convinced that you have established an empire there, which can only perish with my being itself, which is founded upon every lasting principle, whereby human sentiments can subsist, and which has alike for the object of its tender wishes, the enjoyment of your person, and your mind. Such is the affection which I bear, and ever will bear my dearest Eleonora, amply and happily repaid by the assurance that she loves with no inferior degree of Faith and Tenderness her \*\*\*\*\*

LET-



## L E T T E R LVIII.

**M**Y Eleonora ! my life, my jewel, my dear and only love !  
 —How many words shall I employ to call you by every name I love you by ? —Words ! — poor, weak, vain images of the passionate heart ! Believe me, I glory in the inexpressible ardour of my affection. It is my pride, it is my happiness— I would no more *feel*, than I would *think* in the vulgar track.— Surely you were born to give me all the pleasure that a human being can be capable of upon earth— Such refined, such exalted, such heart-awakening delight, I never knew but from  
 you.

LETTER LVIII 57

you.——And yet how poor, how limited is this, in comparison of what we might enjoy ! When inseparably united, we should live only to ourselves, and give and receive every rapture without fear, or apprehension.—— When every hour would be brightened by our assiduous endeavours to please and oblige each other——when every care would be softened by considering that it was employed to secure our mutual happiness——when every little anxiety or dissatisfaction of life would be swallowed up and lost in those superior pleasures, and in that heightened felicity, which love like ours, alone can bestow.—— O dearest, best, and most beloved of women,  
let

58 L E T T E R LVIII.

let us take every means imaginable to cherish and preserve this precious jewel of affection, which mutual kindness continually brightens and improves. Let us continue to place the most entire confidence in each other, and give up the heart to all its feelings, without reserve! Believe me, this will be our utmost happiness. Let me intreat you then to think of every possible means of hastening our next interview, and assure yourself that my only joy, hope, pleasure, and happiness, is in the reflection that I am your own \*\*\*\*\*.

L E T-

## L E T T E R L I X.

**H**OW delightful to me are your kind and tender complaints, while I am convinced that you cannot believe there is the least occasion for them, on the subject of my love. You know I love you, and will forever love you above all human creatures. — Continue in that belief, — Every day, every hour, that is added to my life, brings me fresh occasion to adore you, and so dear are you to all the faculties of my soul that I could no longer exist, or bear them with patience, than I retained the sense of your kindness — That kindness it is which alone  
can

## 60 L E T T E R LIX.

can increase, and does increase my affection.——Far above all coquetry, or playing with the passions of a man with whom you are so dearly and inseparably connected, how very amiable do you appear in my eyes! ——Your frankness of heart, your free and ingenuous acknowledgment of your affection binds you to me above all other means of endearment; and frequently do I flatter myself, that a life spent in this mutual intercourse of undisguised sentiments will be the greatest happiness that a human being can enjoy upon earth.

L E T-



## LETTER LX.

I Know not what may be your sensations upon a temporary parting, but with great truth I assure you that that it makes me extremely miserable.—My heart always aches for hours after I have imprinted my last kiss upon your lips, and *that night* I know not what it is to rest.—After having languished away the last, without the least repose, and lying to solicit sleep to a very late hour this morning, my friend Counsellor \*\*\*\*\*, called and roused me to enjoy the day in the country—Sad enjoyment ! — I am this moment

## 62      L E T T E R   L X .

ment returned to breathe my tenderest sighs into your faithful bosom. How often do I reproach myself for losing the dignity of manhood in the softness of love and delicacy! — Yet these are always superior to every other sentiment, and no sooner do they renew their influence in my heart, than I am ashamed of having ever entertained any sentiments that were not correspondent with them. It is my pride, it is my pleasure to feel for my Eleonora the most exquisite sentiments of tenderness, to melt into tears, or to rise into joy, as the different hopes and fears, that affect our mutual interest, prevail, upon me. — Oh! my Love! my Life! my only hope, and Comfort!

excuse

excuse the overflowing of a heart, invariably and exclusively devoted to you !——A heart, which nothing can affect but the sense of your kindness, and which derives all it's joys and sorrows from you alone.——

Shall I once more think it necessary

——I will not, I do not think it necessary, but you will once more indulge me in the tender assurance, that in every future period, as well as in every present instance of my life, you will always experience that concern for your happiness, which your love, my own unequalled affection, and the goodness of your heart continually inspires me with.

——Adieu ! Adieu !

L E T-

## LETTER LXI.

**H**OW cruel to think that you are within this little distance, and yet that I cannot see and embrace you daily — How has your presence awakened all those tender desires, all that busy fondness, which will not suffer my heart to take a moment's rest ! My spirits are continually agitated ; and in spite of reason, in spite of philosophy, I am a boy, a child in love—Most dear of women, most adored of creatures, pity, and be kind to your faithful \*\*\*\*\* ! But what do I ask ? You are goodness, you are kindness itself.—  
Yet

Yet that very kindness dissolves me, melts away my soul, and leaves me not the least portion of firmness or presence of mind.—What will become of me while you stay in town, I cannot tell—but I am really not the same man I was three days ago; I languish, I die to see you, and rave at every untoward obstacle, real or imaginary, that keeps you from me—Confusion fall on fashions, punctilios, delicacies, opinions, and every thing else, when they interfere with the natural and noble attachments of the soul!—For my part, I am so much superior to 'em, that I would walk bareheaded and barefooted in all the habiliments of a Mendicant Friar, for the space of

Vol. II.                      F                      miles,



66 LETTER LXI.

miles, would it ensure me as many embraces and hours of conversation with you ! ——— At present, however, as I cannot see you in town, I am determined to leave it, and to try whether I cannot find that repose in the house of a friend, which my own apartments will not afford me. —I must submit, painfully submit, though the tear of vexation flows from my eyes, while I am obliged to tell you at this distance, how much, how inexpressibly I am yours.

LET.

## LETTER LXH.

THE tediousness of two byeposts, will render the conveyance of our letters less expeditious than either of us could wish—I have waited for you here with the utmost impatience, and this morning I embrace, once more embrace the dearest part of my soul. I was gathering my breakfast in the garden when I heard the postman's horn.—My spirits danced—my heart exulted at the sound—your letter came; I opened it with trembling haste — I ran over the descriptive parts without much concern, except for your unenterprising journey.—But when I came

68 . L E T T E R LXII.

to what was more immediately addressed to myself, the tender expressions of your affection, my heart rose and fell as if it would have burst away from my bosom. It felt, it embraced it's partner——Poor prisoner! it shook it's chains——it pushed against the confining walls——it wanted to break away, to fly to your breast! Dearest and kindest of creatures! with what new anxieties have you taught me to sigh! how have our luxurious, our soul-uniting embraces rendered still more painful the condition of absence! Were I not supported by the happy consciousness of your invariable fidelity and affection, I should sink under my present sensations.——The memory, the idea of those

LETTER LXII. 69

those tender raptures, would overcome me, when I look around me in vain, for the dear, the sweet associate of that charming intercourse. O delightful remembrance ! Precious thefts of joy ! wisely and happily stolen from time, when present, but laying up many sighs, many moments of anxiety for absence.

All imaginable means do I use to relieve and divert my spirits and my heart under these enervating sensations. — I would not have either of them too much deprest, that they may be the better worth your acceptance when you shall be no longer thrown at a distance from my arms — Yes, my ever dearest and most beloved creature, we will live for

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LETTER LXII. 69

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70 LETTER LXII.

each other, and make every thing that may contribute to our future happiness our mutual care for the present.

The air of this coast and these mountains, agrees with me perfectly, insomuch that though I came down with a bad cold and worse spirits, I find both considerably mended——I ride daily, and as soon as I have finished my letter, I shall repeat the same exercise——I have contracted a perfect friendship with my horse——He is quite a sociable creature ; will drink of my cup, and eat bread out of my hand.

This romantic country affords the finest scenes in the world for the indulgence of a lover——I frequently  
ride

## LETTER LXII. 71

ride alone, and find myself sometimes in the most sequestered valleys, green basons formed by the tall sides of corresponding mountains, filled with the most fragrant shrubs and flowers — sometimes in shady lanes, over-arched by meeting nut-trees, then darting forth again to a view (between the hills) of the sea and the continent — In all these scenes you are with me; to all these places you accompany me — so familiar is your image to my mind, that I sometimes forget you are in a distant country, stop and turn about, as if I wanted to tell you of some striking beauty in the scenes that lie before me.

LETTER LXIII.

A FEW minutes ago I flew into this secret arbour, your letter unopened in my hand, that I might feed upon it's delightful contents in the luxury of solitude—— Thou partner of my soul ! Thou dear possessor of all that is either sensitive or intellectual about me ! what, what hast thou done ?——Rendered every thing in nature insipid and delightful.——These mountains, these vales, these seas, these diversified prospects, have no charm for me——Possessed only of half a soul, I sicken at the very thought of pleasures of what-

whatever kind, while the other half remains unconscious, and cannot partake of them. O my dear, dear friend! where is that kind, that faithful bosom, into which, like a miser, I am only happy when I cast my treasures?—Where is that tender repository of so many kisses, so many tears? Bring, bring it near to me—Let me hold it to mine—never more to part!—What do I say? Vain indulgence of unlimited fancy! yet this is all the pleasure I can find—this visionary pursuit of the wishes of my soul—Yet why—I sometimes say, why this uneasy anxiety? Embraced as I am at heart by the best and most amiable of women, cannot I patiently await



74 LETTER LXIII.

wait her convenience? Cannot I resign without murmuring to her determinations? Indeed, I do, I can. A little time, I trust, will bring me to her arms; and in this arbour I shall clasp her to my heart—So now let me be at rest.

LET.

## LETTER LXIV.

YOUR love, your affection makes me live — all else is stupid existence — What tenderness, what genuine passion in the first page of your letter ! My only, my excellent friend, preserve and cherish that sweet enthusiasm. Tell yourself many and many times a day, that you have found a man in whose heart you exclusively live, who knows no wish and entertains no hope but of clasping you to his bosom — But why would you end your letter with the *Bosquet de \*\*\*\**. O ! for the sweet reward ! how many leagues would

## 76 LETTER LXIV.

would I not travel? Shall I, shall I come for it?—If I should come suddenly upon you, would you not be rightly punished, tantalizing girl, for mentioning the *Bosquet de \*\*\*\*\**? But no—I will take no such cruel revenge—I love you too *tenderly* to do it. Your peace, your satisfaction, your delicacy, are three principal articles in my creed of love. I should be the greatest of wretches, should I see you a moment miserable through my fault. Any thing I could support but that—Even your severity I could bear with greater ease than your unhappiness. You know, for a thousand tears, drawn from the fountains of the heart, have told you that this is true.

But

LETTER LXIV. 77

But, possibly, I may in a little time be more near you than I am at present — I shall be obliged, in consequence of letters from my to go to the University of

You see I date my letter from a different place — This romantic spot is by the sea side, and I come here every morning to bathe. After bathing, I ride eight or ten miles along a range of mountains, accompanied, evermore, by a certain invisible being, who has taken her residence in my heart. O that I could really hold you to my bosom at this moment! Methinks I could for such a privilege forfeit many days of my future life. Adieu!

LET-

## LETTER LXV.

**H**OW much, how tenderly do I sympathize with you in those anxious languors of which you complain ! Surely, our hearts have some hidden intercourse by which they partake, at the same time, of each others feelings——That languid and unenjoying state which you describe, is truly the picture of my own mind. I fly from society to shades and solitude, where you are the only object that is near me——I indulge myself with recalling those precious moments I spent in your arms ; I enjoy those glowing, those impassioned embraces



LETTER LXV. 79

embraces——It is too much for me  
 ——My heart faints under the sweet  
 oppression——I awake from the dear  
 reverie, and start with phrenzy to  
 find myself alone. Then languor  
 succeeds to ideal enjoyment, and all  
 the pains and anxieties of absence re-  
 new their attacks. ——Yet this joy-  
 less solitude seems to be the only state  
 suited to my inclinations——There is  
 about five miles from this place, the  
 most beautiful grove that I ever saw.  
 I so frequently visit it, that my very  
*horse* knows where to stop—O ! my  
 dear, my excellent friend, how of-  
 ten in that sweet shade hast thou been  
 in my arms !——How often have I  
 pressed thee to my glowing bosom,  
 with

80 LETTER LXV.

with visionary extasy ! How often have my arms hung round that inclining neck, and my eyes been intoxicated with delight ! Cruel cruel thoughts, begone ! even now I sink under them, and can write no more. —————

What have you done, my friend ! This you have absolutely done, that to live *long* without you will not be in my power. — I have no soul, no heart, but what is with you — My Faculties are fled and gone : I am not the same creature. My fate is in your hands — take me soon to your bosom, or I shall not be worth your taking. I leave every thing to your determination — I will urge you to nothing ; but this informati-  
on ;

LETTER LXV. 81

I certainly owe you, that by partaking with me early of some retirement, you may possibly prolong that life which I find to be scarce supportable without you.

Adieu ! then, too dearly, and, for my quiet, too tenderly beloved,

Adieu !

G

LET.

## L E T T E R LXVI.

**L** E T then my heart pour it's tenderness into your bosom, and hide it's sufferings, for ever hide them, if they teach you to complain.— But had I not a right to inform you of those strong and soul-affecting sensations which your love alone had occasioned? Surely I had — Yet be their effects what they may, you shall hear no more of them! and should my heart at last sink down beneath them, my utmost wish and care shall be that you may ever remain unconscious of the cause. . . . Omitting some passages in your last, which dejection and anxiety seem rather to have

# LETTER LXVI: 83

have suggested than your own heart, what a charming, what a tender Letter! A more beautiful picture of heart-felt affection, never fell from the pen of a woman! How poor and unanimated are those compositions, in which the head alone is employed! What a miserable preceptress is Art, compared to Nature!—— When I see you, Penelope-like, shut up in your apartment, and indulging yourself with your solitary manufacture, what an image is there of love in it's native simplicity! Think not, while you are thus employing yourself, that you are wasting that time in which you might embellish your mind—— Your's is by no means so uncultivated, or unfurnished, as not to admit

G. 2.

of.



84 L E T T E R LXVI.

of such avocations. However, as you work like Penelope, I hope that your lover will not have the fate of her's, and *wear away life in expectation*. Of one thing, indeed, I am convinced, that mine would not last long upon such terms.—No, my Eleonora, I cannot long live without you.

I am much concerned at the effects of your fright, and at your terrific dreams, — All I can recommend to you, is to maintain as calm and quiet a state of mind as possible by day, and not to let the cares of the world take too much hold upon you. There is indeed, another asylum against nightly fears, which I would more cordially advise  
you

L E T T E R LXIV. 85

you to——What this is I need not inform you. - - - Last night I arrived at this now not noisy place. but ten times more horrible than any real solitude ; and I shall therefore quit it immediately.

But must I not see you then, not see you when in an adjoining county ? It is true, I have ben scarce two months parted from you, yet I am as impatient to embrace you, as if those months had been years. O ever active and unconquered power of love ! How strong, how prevailing, when once it has fixed it's empire in the heart ! I find it's influence continually increasing.——It grows upon the mind ; and the more I indulge it, the more I become a

86      L E T T E R    L X V I.

slave to it. Yet it is a servitude that delights, and I would not live exempt from it's impressions for all that I ever knew or could conceive. Nay, were I convinced, as possibly I may be convinced, that these tender and busy sensations, these searching anxieties would shorten my life, I would not forgo them to protract it—I would not have lived without those hours of high-set delight, I have experienced in the arms of my Eleonora for united worlds; nor would I now part with the remembrance, the dear, anxious remembrance of them, to enjoy either more perfect health or more unburthened spirits.

L E T.

## LETTER LXVII.

**I** WILL no longer attempt to subdue that enchantment which I find an inclination to cherish. Instead of curing you of your enthusiasm, I have caught it myself; and the only consequence of my prescriptions has been, that you have infected your physician. What a romantic life did I lead amongst the mountains of \*\*\*\*! There I cherished your remembrance, and fled to solitudes, to indulge the luxury of recollection.—Now I am arrived at this place, the case is still the same. Here is a most sequestered garden,

88      L E T T E R    L X V I I .

divided into several compartments by tall hedge-rows of elms——Under the silent cover of these shades, I pass many thoughtful and solitary hours, endeared by the most pleasing and tender remembrances. Nor has \*\*\*\* been unnoticed; that \*\*\*\*, where after such a period of time as had extinguished hope itself, my Eleonora came to my arms—Your quotation on that subject is pretty, and, as you apply all things, happily applied —— but methinks that and the rest are too long : I cannot spare so much of your precious pages to the sentiments of others, be they ever so expressive of your own. Yet what is that you prescribe to me to cure my anxiety, *not to think of you?*



LETTER LXVII. 89

*you?* Believe me, the remedy would be insupportable; since, though that reflection may occasion many pensive moments, it is from the same source I borrow my comfort too——How very indifferent and even disgustful would this empty, this insipid world appear to me, were it not for you! were it not for the thought of that tender affection, which I consider as the principal treasure of my life, and esteem as the foundation of all my future happiness!

L E T T E R

## LETTER LXVIII.

**I**T is with the truest pleasure I congratulate you on so important an event, as that of establishing the happiness of your friend; a friend endeared to you by so many and such long connections; in which tenderness and sympathy conspired with natural affection to form the dearest of all attachments that can take place between women. But you, my Eleonora, what do you call yourself—the Orphan of the family? An Orphan! when the man that loves you, feels all the solicitude of a parent for  
your

your happiness ; is contented to live in the world without connections, or views of connections, and to wear away his youth in joyless solitude, because he would urge you to nothing that your own inclination should not voluntarily embrace.—

Call yourself no more an Orphan ; nor give the epithet of unfortunate to a passion that deserves a much nobler distinction . . . I will thank and reprove you in the same page——

My ever dearest friend, how sincerely do I thank you for soothing the anxious heart of your \*\*\*\* with the pleasing prospects of hope !—Dear, flattering prospects, be realised ! Hours of inexpressible tenderness and delight, come forward, and bring  
that

92 L E T T E R LXVIII.

that beloved creature to my arms,  
without whose favour I cannot live!  
Alas! am I heard while I thus pray?  
—I must be heard. You are about to  
leave \*\*\*\* then, and to retire to the  
melancholy shore of \*\*\*\* — For-  
get not, my sweet enthusiast, forget  
not that scene where once you read  
the verses from the banks of the  
\*\*\*\* — Repeat 'em once more  
there, and my spirit shall leave it's  
present discontented mansion to ac-  
company you,

L E T-

## L E T T E R. LXIX.

THESE ten days have I been confined to this burning town, in expectation of \*\*\*\* from Hampton, while he, more wise, lies still in the shade. On Tuesday, however, nothing could keep me from \*\*\*\* place, because I expected to meet you there—I was not disappointed—I found your letter; and though perhaps it did not afford me all the pleasure I have had from former favours of the same kind; yet it was a letter from you, and that was sufficient to make me happy—The truth is, that in our present situation,



tuation our hearts have need of nothing so much as mutual consolation — Such, at least, shall be my conduct to you, for such I find it is, that I should be best pleased with from you ; and I am convinced that while the one complains, the other ought not to expostulate, but pity. Our hearts are so much the same, that I shall henceforth always consult my own, in what manner yours will best bear to be treated. In my own, as in a faithful mirror, I can read it's passions, it's sensations and desires, and can perceive that it will never be more satisfied, never more happy, than when soothed and caressed. Be such then my conduct to her whose soul is united to my own — Con-

LETTER LXXI. 95

—Conscious what would most effectually contribute to my own happiness, be it my invariable view to promote hers by the like means.—

This; and much more of the same kind of reflections, do I frequently pursue in my solitary hours; and thus, whatever I hit upon that may be useful or desirable, either to myself, or to those with whom I have the happiness of being connected, I draw forth to view that I may not forget it.

L E T-

## LETTER LXX.

**Y**OU know it is impossible ; and why then will you think that any thing can efface your image from my heart ? No, my best, my dearest Eleonora, rest for ever assured, that your picture does not lie more near to my bosom, than your soul, and all that sweet and luxurious remembrance can steal from absence does to my mind, my heart, my imagination.—It is true, I did not tell you, what displeased me in your last, but that was not owing to want of frankness so much as to an overabundant delicacy ; “ Let me not,”  
said

said I, reprove my Eleonora for a  
 “ feebleness of love, of sensibility, in  
 “ this letter —— Let me rather, for  
 “ once, do violence to my heart ; as  
 “ she has filled her pages with indif-  
 “ ferent things, let me do likewise ;  
 “ and by this means I shall teach her  
 “ to *feel* her fault without lying un-  
 “ der the disagreeable necessity of  
 “ *charging* her with it.” It had the  
 effect I expected, even though my  
 pen was more faithful to my heart  
 than I intended it to be, for surely it  
 told you how well, how tenderly I  
 loved you.——From the same kind  
 of delicacy it was, that I took no no-  
 tice of the little gallantries you men-  
 tioned in a former letter——Such  
 notice from me might have implied

## 98 L E T T E R LXX.

uneasiness, and that uneasiness might either have affected your tenderness, or at least might have betrayed a want of confidence in you, which I could not possibly have admitted.—Be assured, at the same time, that I could not be insensible, could not be ungrateful for the sacrifices you made me. It is, indeed, with great propriety, though not with much mercy, that you refer me to the tender, but miserable days which *escaped* us at \*\*\*\*. Let us, my Eleonora, it is high time that we should, avail ourselves of those reflections which present to us time lost with regret. Let us make the earliest seizure of those minutes which are so precious, and in a life, like this, so short—

let



# LETTER LXX. 99

let us live for *ourselves*——I find by long and painful experience, that nothing in this world can have the least shadow of pleasure for me without you, and I have given up the prospect of it in every thing, except what the dear remembrance of your love affords me.——I have told you how much, how tenderly I have felt on your account, even to the depression of my spirits and my health——I have told you, and you commanded my silence on the subject.——I was silent by your command, and am so still with respect to all that is painful in my feelings——Evermore to consult your happiness, though at the expence of my own, evermore to conform myself to your tenderest,

H 2

your

your most delicate inclinations has been, and will be the invariable rule of my conduct.— This, however, is, perhaps, no great sacrifice ; for I love you so tenderly and so well, that I am unavoidably led to consult your inclinations, and to make every desire of my own merely secondary to those——When the transient complaints of impatient love break forth ; when I wish to shorten the tedious days that lie before our final union ; when my heart, my soul overcomes those feeble restraints which respect and reason impose upon them—then, my Eleonora, you will place before your eyes the lasting force of a passion you alone could inspire ; and while you must remember with approbation

L E T T E R LXX. 101

probation every tender instance of it,  
you will forgive the more violent  
ones, and embrace me, embrace me  
in your heart.

H 3

L E T-

## L E T T E R LXXI.

**I**F I had less tenderness for you, I might have answered your letter more early ; I might have given you the warm and early suggestions of my heart, which would have told you how much it recoiled at the indifference expressed in your last. — That indifference, however, must have set you free from any anxiety about hearing from me sooner ; and the truth is, that I have been confined to my room by a malignant sore throat fourteen days, and have been dragged into the country by the advice of my Physician for a little  
 air

LETTER LXXI. 103

air——More you will excuse me——  
Ease and sleep are what I am a  
stranger to——I go to court the lat-  
ter, and wish it sincerely, very sin-  
cerely to her who has taken it from  
her \*\*\*\*.

LET-



## LETTER LXXII.

TEN thousand horrors seize upon this cruel distance which prevents me from throwing myself at your feet — I die — my soul bleeds within me at the recital of your distress ; and distress occasioned by whom — by me ? My good, my everlasting God ! is it possible ? I, who would lay down a thousand lives for the preservation of an hour, a single hour to my Eleonora — who would part with all the pleasures upon earth, if she could enjoy them more — Is it possible that her distress should be occasioned by me ?  
 — What

L E T T E R LXXII. 105

—What have I said? What have I done? — Chagrined and mortified to the last degree, I tremble to remember it — O let me recall, for ever recall that false foolish letter, wherein my heart doubted the affection of the best of women——Yet shall I give you my reasons for that doubt? No, I will not even look back for them; since then I might appear desirous to justify myself, and in my present disposition I want not to be justified, but to be forgiven. Forgive me, my dear, my tender creature! By these rising tears, I conjure you to forgive your \*\*\*\*, who, indeed, is neither cruel nor ungrateful; but who, esteeming your love as the most precious jewel of his life,

life, trembles and is distracted at the least shadow of it's decay——Something like that decay I saw, or thought I saw in your former letter. *What have you lost in my love*, was an expression which I found myself utterly unable to support—it preyed upon my heart, it destroyed my rest——Circumstances at which you, who have been a witness to my distresses on such occasions, cannot by any means wonder. I was too impetuous, too impatient; yet that very impatience and impetuosity were more entitled to your forgiveness than a cool and dispassionate behaviour could possibly have been. The one was as certain a proof of my affection, and of my solicitude for retaining

staining yours, as the other would have been of my indifference.

If then my last letter has given you pain, yet if you consider it rightly, it may give you satisfaction too—I am not here pleading in defence of what I wrote—I am far from even wishing to defend it——It is the affection, the attachment of my heart I would convince you of, and not the innocence of my hand——In serious truth, my dearest Eleonora, a love like that we have experienced will not even bear the least circumstance of indifference on either part. What would you not have said, had such an expression as that I have marked on the opposite page fallen from my hand?

hand ? I hope, however, that this temporary uneasiness may be a means of securing each other's happiness through our whole lives——While we see and feel what we can each of us bear——For my part, there is scarce any thing which I cannot bear but the loss of your love ; and should you even deceive me in that instance, the deception would be merciful——for you are the soul, the treasure of my life——I only live while I repose upon you——My heart has no resource, no comfort, but in your affection. Receive then once more to your beloved bosom your faithful, faithful \*\*\*\*.

L E T



## LETTER LXXIII.

**I**T is enough. My Eleonora still loves me — and my soul is at rest. The anxieties I have endured for these weeks past, are fled, and my heart has recovered its usual serenity — It is to you, my guardian Angel, it is to your kindness, your faithful and invariable love I owe this peace — Wretch that I was, to doubt that it could alter ! Wretch, to imagine that my Eleonora was not as superior to the generality of her sex in fidelity, as in understanding ! But strange, indeed, is the influence that you have over me ! Had you  
seen

## 110 LETTER LXXIII.

seen me this day upon the approach of your letter ; had you seen my eye spring to the well-known hand upon the direction ; my hands open it with trembling precipitation : Had you known the various emotions I felt in flying over the contents, and seen the tears of inexpressible affection, falling over your tender conclusion, most cordially would you have forgiven the petulance of a few hours, and have acknowledged that

*Tanto d' Amore aliro no senti*

*Humano spirito* — — —

This tendency, however, this unalterable attachment, which binds every power of my soul to you, tho' it may create occasional anxieties, forms both my present happiness,  
and

L E T T E R LXXIII. 111

and that which I have in prospect  
 ——If the heavy and joyless moments  
 of absence can be cleared and soften-  
 ed by the *addoucissement* of such ten-  
 der feelings, what pleasure will not  
 those hours bring with them, when  
 the object of such sentiments is for  
 ever at hand ; when the uninterupt-  
 ed participation of happiness takes  
 place ; and she for whom I only live,  
 and think, and enjoy, shares in every  
 thought, and in every enjoyment ?  
 I shall then no longer sigh to think  
 that she is ignorant of those affectionate  
 sentiments that daily dwell upon my  
 heart. The utmost of my desires  
 will be gratified ; she will see that I  
 love her, and the conviction of that  
 will make her happy.——Ah cruel  
 and

112 LETTER LXXIII.

and treacherous fancy ! Vain anticipations of hope and desire, to what have you led me ? Alas ! when will those days, those dear and sacred days approach ?

But *Faith* and *Patience* shall be the supporters of *Hope*. — They have both, indeed, been offended lately, but I will court their assistance, and transgress against them no more.

LET-

## LETTER LXXIV.

THOUGH I was not in the least apprehensive that there was any fault of omission in my last letter, sensible as I was that it was written under the tenderest influences of love, yet I find upon looking back to that ever dear letter from you that occasioned it, I had not answered so directly as you might expect to the question you put—*Will you be always thus tender, &c ?* However, I will now have the pleasure to answer as directly as your heart can wish, for I know of no declaration that I could make with greater truth or satisfacti-



on, than that my dearest Eleonora should ever find me tender, ever affectionate, ever indulgent to her wishes, and careful of her repose. — Tyrannize! Tyrant! How could such expressions fall from your pen? — even in that laconic letter what did I more than complain? — My complaints were wrong founded — I acknowledged my error — I could do no more — My Eleonora forgave me — generously forgave me; but — she mentioned it again. If I have the least knowledge of myself, I can assure my best love with the most perfect truth, that I am equally a stranger to tyranny and tameness, the former is inconsistent with my heart; the latter with my spirit. My  
Con-

# LETTER LXXIV. 115

confidence in your goodness and affection are still my support : I cannot possibly feel from the injustice of others, while you continue to treat me with a lenient hand. For such treatment, be assured, you will never find the man of your choice ungrateful, and every instance of kindness he experiences from you, shall return seven-fold into your bosom. —

## LETTER LXXV.

**H**OW welcome are you to my soul when you approach with the irresistible charm of love and tenderness!—How does my heart open to embrace you, when you meet it with kindness!—There, there, my dearest friend, are your keys of power!—Would you have your empire lasting? You have nothing more to do than to govern with lenity, and to convince your humble and grateful subject that he is dear to your heart.—If I have any virtue at all, it is gratitude.—I cannot remember the kindness, if  
I were

# LETTER LXXV. 117

I were sensible that it was meant as such, that was ever lost upon me—— If I could not repay it, I at least acknowledged it; and always carried the sense of it near my heart. My own testimony in this respect, is indubitable, because I am certainly a judge of my own feelings——This, however, is a subject I dislike; for I am never so little pleased as when I am speaking of myself——I can see so many faults in the object upon the best point of view, that I cannot look upon it without dissatisfaction — But the letters you sent me obliged me, in some measure, to say at least what I have said. I assure you, at the same time, that those letters, the offspring of *insensibility* and *dys-*

*appointment*, excited in me nothing more than a smile. I was not at all surprized at the *nonchalance* of your Batavian friend; but her railing against prudery was precious. What pity, when she visited the nunnery, that she was admitted no farther than the grate! She has certainly every qualification for the monastic life; and were such spirits only to be secluded from society, one would never wish for the abolition of those institutions. A non-entity, a being that cannot feel, is a mere incumbrance to the circle of sensible creatures. —But of poor Mrs. \*\*\*\*, what shall I say? Indeed, I find I have generosity enough to pity her from my soul — Her letter is the picture of  
of



# LETTER LXXV. 119

of a mortified spirit! Were I the wretch that had reduced her to such a miserable state of mind, I should think no punishment could be adequate to my crime. I am a perfect stranger to her, and therefore the judgment she has passed on me, as it can stand for nothing, I can perfectly forgive. Had she known me better, she might have found many more faults in me!——The next favour I have to thank you for is the copy of Miss \*\*\*\*'s letter, a true picture of herself — whimsical and sensible — ingenious and fantastic — respectable and ridiculous!——We must not make a shew of this agreeable monster —— What a number of antidotes has she raked together

## 120 LETTER LXXV.

ther against love in your sex ! Had she been desirous to provide against it in ours, she needed only to have prescribed herself — I admire the Bishop of \*\*\*\*'s metaphor ; it is very beautiful ; but I am sorry he did not employ his poetical powers on a different subject ; for no poem founded on the sacred writings, will ever succeed.

This week I shall go to \*\*\*\* place, where I shall continue some time, and expect your letters — those letters that are the only comfort of my life ! — I take your picture from my bosom, and with ten thousand kisses bid you Adieu !

L. E. T.

LETTER LXXVI.

I HAVE made all possible haste to this place to save the post, that you may find my letter at \*\*\*\* on Saturday. Yours was brought to me in the arbour, while I was reading my favourite Philosopher ——— to use his own expression, *Dans cette chere solitude, qu'attendrit et que chérit la douce melancolie et les soupirs de l'amour.* In such circumstances, so favourable to the memory of every tender and endearing moment of our loves, your letter found me——Most welcome, indeed,

indeed, it was ; but you will not wonder if in such a state of mind, I read with indifference your first, second, and part of your third page — What, said I, is it to my Eleonora and me, whether \*\*\*\* makes public breakfasts, or eats his bread and butter alone ? — *Apropos*, as you say — all that he told you about the breaking off our friendship was mere moonshine. Our acquaintance was not sufficiently interesting to maintain a correspondence, which, therefore, died away of an internal disorder, that the Doctor could not cure.

But do you think that I can pass unnoticed the scene you describe at  
the

LETTER LXXVI. 123

the widow's cottage? Ah! there you saw the tender and respectful efforts of growing passion — a passion so delicate and so strong, that years, whole years of absence have served only to confirm it. — Ah! thou best, dear hope! Thou only object of all my busy wishes, why was I not present, when you reclined your lovely face on the poor widow's bench of thyme, and bedewed it with your tears? A thousand tender sentiments transport me thither at this moment — A thousand soft and languishing desires hang upon my heart, and weaken it more than effeminate sensibility. — I must not indulge it;  
I have



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I have the world, the unfeeling world to fight against, and must be an oeconomist of my fortitude.

LET.

## LETTER LXXVII.

ASSURE yourself that while you and Love are the subject of your letters, no repetition can ever make me weary. Yours is not among the number of those barren minds that know not how to give variety to the same objects——Ingenuity and fancy will always enable you to dress the same walks of love with different flowers, to vary it's sweets, and diversify it's prospects.——But what, my heart's best hope, what is it that you see in those walks? a Giant to be combated?——Behold your devoted knight ready to  
engage

engage him ! or to undertake any other labour that you shall appoint him ! Peace to those flowers of chivalry, that thus employed themselves of old ! Peace to their shades, and glory to their memory ! They certainly were not such fools as we have represented them ; for there is an undoubted pleasure in the conquest of difficulties, for the sake of a beloved object.—Seriously, my dear Eleonora, you surely cannot think \*\*\*\*'s eloquence of such mighty consequence, as you have represented it——Nothing is more easy than to silence that impertinence which one is not disposed to hear. Abrupt and preclusive answers are generally sufficient——You found it to be so, when

LETTER LXXVII. 127

when you asked him very properly, *who gave him a paternal authority over you?* He was necessarily silent—for had he given a direct answer to your question, he must have replied—*Impudence and Vanity.*—I have no doubt of his intelligence with respect to our connection, and therefore, should he bring that home to you, I think you have but this alternative, —either to forbid him expressly to speak any more upon the subject, or directly to avow it.—Any subterfuge, or evasion, would be infinitely beneath you; and while he was convinced of the contrary, would give him a superiority over you, to which he has nothing else that can entitle him.—This then is what you owe  
to

128 LETTER LXXVII.

to yourself — Why should you, who are about to do nothing criminal, or shameful, or even rash — Why should you give up the privileges of honour and virtue, and, as if you had forfeited both, have recourse to equivocation? — But I am heartily tired of this subject, which, if you had not seemed to think it of consequence, should never have wasted a page of my letter. — Be yourself, my dear! — Exert your native dignity of spirit and understanding, and you will have nothing to apprehend from the railery of this fortunate coxcomb.

LET.



## L E T T E R LXXVIII.

**Y**OUR last letter gave me more than usual pleasure, because it was written with a becoming spirit, and was in no part over-clouded with those shadows of imaginary fear, that characterise almost your whole correspondence with me——You seem at last to be sensible of what you owe to yourself and your proper dignity, and conclude rightly that your peace is not to be broken by the insinuations of impertinence or vanity ; nor even by the officiousness of mistaken zeal. You have long been convinced of the weakness of those argu-

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ments

130 LETTER LXXVIII.

ments that are founded merely upon external circumstances, and that are urged by people who never knew what it was to feel. Conscious of what is due to your own dignity and reason, you will never betray your happiness so far as to give up either of those resources, while the latter will defend you against the attacks of folly, and the former will secure you against insults and impertinence.

—Believe me, my dear, my very dear Eleonora, to consider you in such a state of mind, is to me a subject of the highest happiness and satisfaction—It affords me pleasure, because I know it will afford you peace. Once more then, I leave you to yourself, convinced that you have

no

LETTER LXXVIII. 131

no need of any other artillery than what your own good *genius* will at all times supply you with. I would not, however, be found to animate your resolutions, so far as to make you *aspire at martyrdom*. No, my dear *Arch-Angel* ! though I think persecution no less favourable to Love than Religion, I am not so thoroughly orthodox in either, as to think the crown of martyrdom a desirable object — There are many honest Enthusiasts in religion, whose piety will be well enough rewarded, both in this world and the next, without that terrible qualification ; and I trust there are two honest enthusiasts in love, to whose happiness it will by no means be essentially ne-

It gives me a particular pleasure, to hear that your poor Philosopher's assault ends in such a laughable circumstance, as that of being pelted by old women ; though I am scandalized to hear that the clergy had any concern in employing such despicable instruments. They ought, at least, to have remembered, that it is not long since some of their own order disputed in a public council, *whether women were human creatures.* Your poor Philosopher ! how very cruel, had he perished like Orpheus, instead of dying like Socrates ! How very deplorable had the author of so many fine systems been overwhelmed with stones by old women, who knew no system at all ! I honour and envy  
Mr.



# LETTER LXXVIII. 133

Mr. \*\*\*\*, for the asylum he afforded him, and his poor old housekeeper; and were I in that gentleman's situation, I most certainly would build a castle, and defend it with a deep mote and a draw-bridge, where this *giant* in philosophy, and his aged sybil might live in peace, and deliver their dictates to the world in spite of those dragoons, priests, and old women.



## LETTER LXXIX.

I Agree with you, that study has taken deep and serious hold of my mind ; yet it has not in the least affected my sensibility ; for, indeed, I love you with as much ardour, as much tenderness as ever.——But, I am far from being happy——I look upon myself as condemned to a life of consuming hopes, and I see no period to which these hopes can be referred. Engaged to the dearest of women, and at the same time the most amiable, the sense of her perfections only enhances my anxiety, when I consider that death may possibly

LETTER LXXIX. 135

sibly make more hasty steps than fortune, and snatch me from her before she falls into my arms——Pardon me, dearest of creatures, these gloomy influences ; they are the effects of the truest tenderness——They are the effects of those continual longings that snatch my soul towards you, and tell me that, without you, there is no happiness for me upon earth. Yet let me be at peace ; the time may come when sufficiently wearied of that world, which I have despised ever since I knew it, my Eleonora may be contented to seek her repose in my bosom. That is my only consolation, and sooths the langour of many a weary.

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weary day, and many a wakeful night.

Adieu! best and only hope of my life, Adieu!

LET.

## LETTER LXXX.

**I**T is true, your constant affection and unwearied kindness ought to be sufficient to set my heart at rest ; but there are many hours, when, considering the cruelty of fortune, and the hard condition of absence, I am obliged in spite of the aid of philosophy, to give way to the prevailing sigh — For what avail the advantages of art or nature, and what is even the love of my Eleonora at this uncomfortable distance ?

These reflections, you will still say, are dated in November ; but, alas ! when you are not with me, the  
com-

138 LETTER LXXX.

complexion of time is still the same,  
and my present state of mind re-  
ceives but little consolation from  
what you tell me, that your coming  
to us in the spring is uncertain.

LET



## LETTER LXXXI.

**A** H shades of \*\*\*\*\*! with fond  
memory crown'd

Of loves advent'rous, more than  
other shades!

Where led by fancy through your  
lonely glades,

First the sweet magic of those eyes  
I found;

Those eyes of love that shed their  
influence round

The smoothed air! when mould'  
'ring time invades

The diamond image, and it's  
beauty fades,

That form to memory by the heart-  
strings bound,                      And

140 L E T T E R LXXXI.

And those sweet looks shall last. O  
never more

Shall I, lov'd shades, your consci-  
ous walks survey,

But fond remembrance shall my  
steps restore

To each dear path, where \*\*\*\*\*  
wont to stray :

Nor let one friend ; if friend those  
scenes explore,

Refuse a sigh, a passing tear to  
pay !

You see I approach you, as beg-  
gars do at Christmas, by first singing  
a song ; and as, in their circumstan-  
ces, the subject always excuses the  
performance ; so I must beg leave to  
plead the same privilege in mine.  
By giving the sonnet this turn, at  
least.

least I have thrown a greater interest into it, than it could possibly have had in a translation barely literal, and I have gratified my own heart by it the more, by bringing the subject home, to it's proper feelings. I hope, too, you will find an interest of the same kind in it, and that it will make you some amends for the defects of the poetry—I am not a little obliged to you for the commentary of Gesualdo, not, as you possibly may imagine, for his explanation of *prima peria par Tempo*, &c. for that is obvious enough; but for the entertainment he afforded me by his grave observations on the effects of time.

But,

142 LETTER LXXXI.

But, adieu to Books and Commentators, and let me give way to more interesting sentiments ! I shall see you, then ; I shall embrace you once more — Ah ! why not for ever ? \*\*\*\*\*

LET.



## LETTER LXXXII.

**I** Love you for your ingenuity, as much as I hope you esteem me for my sincerity.—I had too good an opinion both of your good sense, and greatness of mind, to think that you should wish to make a hypocrite of the man you had chosen for your chief friend and protector; and, in consequence of this, I had no scruple about telling you my sentiments of the letter before your last.—You received them in a manner worthy of yourself, worthy of an ingenuous and a noble mind, which loses no part of it's dignity by acknowledgment



## 144 LETTER LXXXII.

ment and condescension.—Nothing could be more just than the observation; at the opening of your letter, *that we suffer for assuming a borrowed character*, and I flatter myself that you, who are indebted to nature for so amiable an original, will never more attempt to borrow. No, my dearest friend; frankness, invariable frankness of heart, and simplicity of manners, without any airs of levity or affected assumptions, which nature never intended for you, will be your strongest fort. You see I am still acting the friend, the daring friend, but it is for our mutual happiness.

You think the liberties I took in speaking of your correspondence with Miss \*\*\* were an encroachment on  
your

your privileges—Hear then my apology.—In the first place, I must declare that, far from infringing any prerogative of yours, I would extend them to the utmost bounds you could wish. I am, from principle, the friend of freedom, and therefore shall never exercise restraint. I did not by any means, as you say, *insist upon*; you will observe, I only wished an end of your correspondence with Miss \*\*\*, adding, indeed, my opinion, that neither your mind, nor my peace would be the better for it. In this you think I impeached your discernment, or doubted your heart—very far from both.—I am convinced such imitative creatures are we all, from the *strongest faculties* to

the weakest, that we cannot avoid adopting the sentiments of those with whom we converse, or even correspond; and I verily believe, if you had never known Miss \*\*\*, you would never have wrote me such a letter as that of which I complained. Thus much for my reasons, which I only meant to offer you, without ever pretending to dictate to you the use of them.—Now I am on the subject of Miss \*\*\*, I must tell you that I have had a curious congratulatory letter from her.—Conceived in the highest strains of praise, on a man, whom she had before treated in the lowest terms of scurrility.—What a false-hearted, what a disingenuous

LETTER LXXXII. 147

genuous wretch! how unworthy of the correspondence of my Eleonora!

I have not had a day's health these three weeks; and at present I am very indifferent: But while this breath lasts, and this pulse beats, shall I be your's, faithfully, tenderly yours.

L. E. T.



## LETTER LXXXIII.

YOU should not have called that a recapitulation, which I only meant as an explanation, of the reasons I had for some observations I had made in a former letter, nor should you have understood certain expressions as a repetition of past dissatisfactions, which were in reality intended as nothing more than an apology for my conduct.—Neither when I spoke of *affected assumptions*, should you have taken the imputation to yourself, when I really meant them in general only, as a contrast to that frankness and simplicity which I so much



much admire, and which I have seldom failed to find in you. Understand me right in these things, and I am convinced you will no longer think that you have reason to complain. Be evermore assured that there is nothing in the world, of which I am more sensible than that respect which is due to your understanding, virtue, knowledge, and sensibility; and if the last ever find a wound, it is not such a one as wantonness or caprice would inflict, but proceeds from the most regardful, the most cordial good wishes. If ever I presume to give you my opinion or advice, do not conclude from thence, that I have an intention either to impeach your understanding, or to tyrannise over your

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mind.—Far be such tyranny from me! When I have given you my opinion, you are still at liberty to reject or embrace it. What would friendship, what would love be without such freedom? Love in which the hearts and souls of the respective objects flow mutually into each other, and in which privilege and prerogative are unintelligible things.—But how much paper have I been obliged to waste in explanations.—Let these little distinctions trouble us no more.

L E T.

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LETTER LXXXIV.

**M**Y heart blinds my reason, and locks up my tongue.—I cannot bear your displeasure, much less your misery; and I shall only lay before you the words from your own letter, which occasioned my remonstrances on your want of confidence in me, without pretending to say that I had the least reason for my conduct. — Ask your own heart whether it really wanted confidence in me, when it dictated to your pen, that I should take advantage of you. — If your heart acquits you—then ask your pen why the words

words fell from it. And ask yourself further whether such expressions were not likely to alarm me; or whether I ought to have considered any words of yours, as destitute of meaning. If they really had none, then I have been grievously to blame, and beg ten thousand pardons of you for the concern that they gave me.— It is, as you say, absolutely necessary that we should know each other well.— And that you might have every possible opportunity of being acquainted with my heart, I have never once dissembled it's feelings; when your letters made me happy, I expressed that happiness; when there was any thing in them that disturbed me, I never failed to make it known



known to you. I thought it dishonest to conceal from you what kind of a heart you had to expect, even though that *eclaircissement* should cost me your favour.—I was encouraged to this by a supposition that your temper was too generous, and your sentiments too noble, even to be dissatisfied with me for making known to you any circumstances in your conduct, that gave me pain; nor did I conclude, that you would ever think it *below* you, to make any explanation which might be necessary for my peace. On the other hand, I always hoped that you would treat me in the same manner; that you would always censure me when you thought me wrong: And, indeed,  
you



you have not failed to do it.—All the difference between us is this; I have ever received such censures with satisfaction, and have regulated my conduct agreeably to them, or endeavoured to explain the occasion of your mistake, if I thought myself in the right.—You have had, upon some occasions the same generosity, and it is no wonder if, on others, my observations have produced anger rather than explanation. For the conduct of your *friend and lover* has been very different from that of lovers in general—While they usually behave with blind submission and flattery, till they get the sceptre into their hands, he has ever thought it more wise to play the husband while he

## LETTER LXXXIII. 135

he acts the lover, that he may play the lover while he acts the husband.

—Such my dearest friend, has been the invariable rule of my conduct.

If you have the goodness to forgive me, where the rigour of it has of-

fended, I shall thank you;—if you have the fortitude to esteem me, I

shall adore you. Your person has, indeed, many charms for me; but it

is the greatness of your mind alone that can make me truly and lastingly

your lover. I must confess I have had many instances of it, and I flat-

ter myself that I shall have many more. If you consider my situation

for a moment, you cannot doubt the sincerity of my heart. How

many thousands, in my circumstan-

ces,

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ces, would conceal every sentiment, and check every remonstrance that might not be perfectly pleasing to you ! But, for my part, I can never bear to owe my success to hypocrisy. On the other hand, when I consider your circumstances, I have quite as little reason to doubt your sincerity, as you have mine ; and I hope I shall never more have occasion to doubt your confidence.—Our pride saves us from meannesses, and leads us into troubles.

It is a most useful machine, but requires uncommon skill to regulate it's motions.

I have only one thing more to add, if it will be any satisfaction to you,  
which

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which is, that you are at this moment as dear as you ever were, to the heart of your sincere and faithful

\*\*\*

LET-



## LETTER LXXXV.

“ **W**ITH nothing less will your  
 “ Eleonora be satisfied,  
 “ than the pure and undissembled feel-  
 “ ings of the heart.”—It is all that I  
 wish ; my Eleonora shall have nothing  
 less. This moment I call my heart  
 to a severe account, and you shall be  
 acquainted with it’s deepest senti-  
 ments, with it’s minutest movements.  
 —I declare to you solemnly, by that  
 sacred love of truth, which I worship  
 continually, that I will hide nothing  
 from you, be the consequence at-  
 tended



tended with your aversion, or your approbation.

This heart, then tells me, that it has suffered not a little from your late silence, and, in spite of the consciousness of it's own integrity, it could not support itself under the apprehension of your displeasure. Sighs, heart-searching sighs, and sleepless nights were the sad testimonies of this truth.

Yet this heart tells me, that I have acted no otherwise than I ought to have done. It tells me, that while I should consider every thing that is due to you, I should likewise remember what I owe to myself.—It tells me, that when you apprehended I should *take advantage* of your concessions,

sions, you doubted both my honour and generosity; and that, of consequence, it would be my prudence as well as honesty to tell you the disagreeable sentiment I felt on that occasion, because, if I had satisfied and suppressed them, they would only have rankled in my mind, and wounded your future interest there.— By this same heart also I am told, that the greatest danger I have to dread from you is, (remember I am calling myself to a strict account, and bear with the severity of some expressions) your too sanguine, your sometimes inconsistent expectations.— Your expectations are in general too sanguine, because they have been borrowed, or at least they seem to have

## LETTER LXXXV. 161

been borrowed rather from enthusiastic writers, than from the sentiments and feelings of common life. This is, certainly, a very unhappy circumstance; for there is nothing that contributes to our misery so much, nothing that opens so many avenues to disappointment and dissatisfaction, as the indulgence of extravagant expectations——To bring this home to ourselves, I can venture to assure you, that if you look for nothing more from me than rational tenderness, and manly affection, you will never be disappointed; but if you expect implicit adoration and passive submission, you will infallibly be mistaken, because it will be impossible for me to forget what is due

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to

162 LETTER LXXXV.

to my own dignity as a man, and as the husband of Eleonora, so far as to neglect its proper support.——

That your expectations, as I have observed, are sometimes inconsistent, our recent, disagreeable debate is but too melancholly a proof. You surely expected in your \* \* \* \* a man of delicacy and sensibility ; and yet you were surprized that he should shew the least tokens of either in a circumstance where both were essentially wounded —— All this, my heart tells me, is perfectly true.

But the scrutiny is not yet over ; I will summon it to a severe trial with respect to the affection it bears you ; and with regard to the manner in which I shall treat you when  
you



LETTER LXXXV. 163

you are finally united to me. These are, indeed, most important questions, and this is the faithful answer that it gives me. — I love you with unalterable affection —

This moment were you near my arms, they would open to embrace you with as much ardour as the heart can hold — To treat you at any time tyrannically is impossible for me — I am equally a stranger to tyranny and slavery — I am, as I have once before told you, a friend to liberty upon principle, and I shall mutually give and expect it — My asserting it in a late instance, where I was only doing justice to my own sentiments, was so far from being a proof that I

M 2

should



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should infringe yours, that it was even, from my own opinions and convictions, a strong testimony to the contrary.

I shall only add, that I am heartily weary of these mutual expostulations, which never would have been carried to such a disagreeable length, had you not unfortunately thought it *below* you to be ingenuous with me, and to have apologized for that most exceptionable passage, or, if it admitted of no apology, to have acknowledged the same. — Such, my ever dearest friend, is my honest love, which, if you know how to value in its true light, is still at your service—Any other object, indeed, it cannot have;  
for

LETTER LXXXV. 165

for I feel at this moment, that my heart and soul dwell upon your dear idea, and on every scene of tenderness that has past between us——It is with shame, I say, that a tear is this moment in my eye——But depend upon it, that I will always maintain my dignity; yet be assured, at the same time, that I shall always love you, and consult your happiness.

## LETTER LXXXVI

**M**ANY painful hours have I known within these five years — But such horrid moments as these, and such a night as the last, did I never suffer — that only which I passed, when I left \*\*\*, could bear any resemblance to it.

I know not what degree of sensibility you may expect or require in the man that loves you; but I verily believe, that I have enough to break my heart. — For this month past, I have, comparatively, neither enjoyed health, nor peace, nor rest, nor food;

LETTER LXXXVI. 167

food; and I have only the desperate comfort to think, that such another month will give me that kind of peace, which will never more be broken. — Then, possibly then, you may be sorry that you were not satisfied with my reasonable and faithful love.

In these deplorable circumstances, it is some consolation to think that I have never once wavered in my fidelity and affection, and that I have no breach of truth or justice to answer for — As I hope for the mercies of that being, who may soon call me to his presence, I have at this moment the same love for you, that I had when I wrote the letter you inclosed. — That letter was undoubt-



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undoubtedly written in a happier hour, but was not suggested by truer or more essential tenderness, than my heart now feels——That heart is so full, that I can proceed no farther.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hours have passed away in senseless stupefaction. I intended to have filled this sheet, but I have not one clear idea.——What can be the reason of this? Alas! I know not——But you will pity me surely, because you know I have long loved you, have loved you like a child, like a sister; you will pity me, for many tender circumstances have passed between



# LETTER LXXXVII. 169

tween us——Will not you pity your faithful

LXXXVII. LETTER \*\*\*\*\*

LET-

LETTER LXXXVII.

**I**T is impossible for me to tell you the overflowings of my heart. — After ten days of such suffering as can never be described, I have at length received a letter from you. — The seal is torn, the letter is opened, and my Eleonora, my own Eleonora, that Eleonora whom the united world should not tear from my breast, breathes, lives, and meets me with affection the moment I behold her — But oh — what a wretch have I been? — not in ceasing to love her, for that I have never done

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done —— but in giving her a moment's pain by resenting a charge, which, possibly, dropped from her in a thoughtless moment. —— Ah ! may that, and may every other circumstance of uneasiness, be buried in everlasting oblivion.

\* \* \* \* \*

My God ! what agitations ! I ought to have had a heart of iron, to go through the scenes that I have lately had before me. Yes, you do pity me —— But what is it that you say ? Not come to town ! By the eternal mercy of heaven, let me implore you to come, if your health will permit you ; and that it may permit you, that mercy will continually be solicited by my prayers.

But

172 LETTER LXXXVII.

But, how——“Cruel and un-  
 “grateful?” By the everlasting God,  
 I am neither cruel nor ungrateful.  
 At this moment, I feel every senti-  
 ment of gratitude and affection, that  
 the tenderest love can inspire. Live  
 then, I conjure you, live for your  
 devoted \*\*\*\*, whose little of life,  
 that he may have left (for his suffer-  
 ings have lately been so great, that  
 God knows by how short a period it  
 may be cut off) shall be totally sa-  
 cred to his dearest Eleonora——My  
 heart is full, and every utterance,  
 even that of the pen, is choaked up.  
 I can say no more; but live, live, I  
 intreat you, and if the entire consci-  
 ousness of perfect love can satisfy  
 you



LETTER LXXXVII. 173

you, can afford you any consolation,  
Oh, (a tear has dropped upon the  
word) hold it to your heart !

LET-



## LETTER LXXXVIII.

Nothing could be more just, and at the same time more ingenuous, than the apologies you suggested for the *dereglement* of my last passionate letter——It is true that the agitations of my heart were ungovernable at that moment——Oh ! my Eleonora ! could you but have read the language of my soul ; could you but have known what I have suffered, what I have endured for some time past, you would not have doubted a moment of that everlasting attachment which binds me to you.  
I have

LETTER LXXXVIII. 175

I have found it during this painful conflict, I have found it to be as impossible for me to exist without your favour, as without the air that I breathe — My soul, by a long and tender connection, is so united to yours, that it could not be torn from you without that anguish, which would end in death. This is no ideal or romantic sensation, but a conviction founded upon the most distressful experience——. With such sentiments as these, and in such a situation, you must be sensible, that there is nothing, no law or condition that you shall make the price of your favour, which I will not submit to. How easy are those conditions to me, who would lay down my life at your feet,

176 LETTER LXXXVIII.

feet, rather than lose your love !  
 Were an enemy to oblige me to beg  
 my life on those conditions, while I  
 was conscious of nothing, but having  
 endeavoured to do common justice  
 to myself, I would scorn to  
 live upon such abject terms ; but  
 when my mistress, when my love  
 requires it, I will never disdain the  
 sacrifice. — And can you doubt  
 then my respectful tenderness ? —

Ah ? that I could but have it daily  
 in my power to convince you of it !  
 This formidable man, whom you  
 are afraid to live with, has no heart  
 but to study your happiness, and to  
 meditate every tender circumstance  
 that may contribute to secure or en-  
 hance it. It is true, that when his

LETTER LXXXVIII. 177

honour, his generosity, or fidelity are hurt, he feels it most sensibly, but that he is willing to hope he can never suffer from his Eleonora, to whom he will always endeavour to approve himself most unexceptionably in all these respects.

I continue my prayers to heaven, for the establishment of your health, which is of all things, the most dear to me; and that it may enable you soon to meet the ardent and faithful affections of your unalterable

\*\*\*\*,



## LETTER LXXXIX.

**A**S I hope you are now in a scene  
 of festivity, I will not deject  
 you with my own complaints——  
 You know what I feel for your ab-  
 sence, and you kindly endeavour to  
 soothe me, by the only circumstances  
 that have power to support me, the  
 sense of your tender affection, and of  
 our past endearments —— Indeed I  
 have great need of such reflections ;  
 for my heart has been but one gloomy  
 void ever since I tore myself from  
 you——The most exquisite love has  
 so strongly united my soul to you,  
 that



# LETTER LXXXIX. 179

that you are become as necessary to me, as any of my own faculties, and by loving you, I seem at the same time to have lost the art of existing. My days come and go, I know not how, and night approaches, both wished for, and feared.

## LETTER XC.

**T**WO of your dear letters now lie before me : That which brought me an account of Mrs. \*\*\*\* health and happiness, gave me the truest pleasure, and the kind and tender breathings of my Eleonora's affection, were extremely interesting, and abundantly soothed my heart.— Indeed, that heart stood much in need of such consolation ; for I may truly say, that I have not known one chearful day, or one easy night, since our last embrace. I will, if possible, live to embrace you again ; but I verily believe that this absence will

2

kill

# LETTER XC. 181

kill me at last. Sighing and oppressed hours, broken and distracted slumbers are all I know. You will reprove me, I know, for this, and you ought to do it; but it matters not; I must complain, and I have no creature to complain to but yourself. Believe me, were it not for the expedient of seeing you again, I could not support this; and can I give up that hope? No — by no means — I am convinced that you will prove the best physician; notwithstanding, if you insist upon it, I will apply to Arbuthnot for his advice.

I would say much more to you, but I am really so very indifferent in health and spirits, that I can scarce-

182 LETTER XC.

I drag my pen along the paper.—  
I cannot, however, conclude with-  
out embracing you at my heart, for  
your tender cares and assiduities in  
forwarding our union.—If I can  
but live 'till that time, I shall live  
indeed.

L E T.



## LETTER XCI.

**N**O, my dearest Eleonora, you could not envy me the happiness your presence will give me, so much as to think of lessening it, by bringing with you such a companion — I am satisfied you never intended to bring \*\*\*\*\* with you, and I flatter myself, that you only mentioned such a proposal, that you might have the pleasure of obliging me by giving it up — If you was really serious, a moment's reflection will convince you, that, exclusive of my unconquerable aversion for that



184 L E T T E R XCI.

woman, her coming here, would involve us in a thousand inconveniences. The genius of this country, to such a smoke-dried creature, would be intolerable — Our precipices would frighten her into fits — Our woods would give her the spleen — The cold thin air of our penetrating atmosphere would reduce her to the condition of a Bengal monkey, that had been obliged to winter in Russia — No, no, my friend; we want not such an invidious spy over the first stages of our happiness. — But your reputation, you say, requires it. Believe me, your reputation is too well established, and your character too respectable in this country, to need the dismal countenance of such a duenna.

# LETTER XCI. 185

duenna. For my part, I should look upon nothing to be more inauspicious, and, instead of the graces, I should think my nuptials attended by one of the furies.

To hear of your perfect state of Health, is the greatest happiness that this world can afford me; while you are still absent from the arms of you most devoted, and most affectionate

\*\*\*\*\*

LET.

## LETTER XCH.

ONCE more I shall write to you  
 — One letter more I shall  
 add to our long and interesting cor-  
 respondence, which will only be  
 broken off by a far more acceptable,  
 and happy intercourse. My dearest,  
 and most beloved Eleonora, how do  
 I long to hold you to my heart!  
 How do I pity your *connection* with  
 strangers, while he for whom you  
 have shed so many tears of tender  
 love is yet far from you——Yet be  
 assured, I must fly on the wings of  
 the swiftest affection to meet you——

I come;

LETTER XCII. 187

I come, my dearest creature, I come  
to give you my hand, my heart,  
my soul,

The E N D.



®

LETTER NO. 18

I cannot say I care for you, I cannot  
to give you my hand, my heart,  
my love.

The E. N. D.



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